The Wellesley Prelude.

VOLUME II.—No. 3.

CONTENTS.

Editorials	31	News of the Week,	37
The Story of a Storm, *Emily Howard Foley*,	32	College Notes, *Bertha Brush & Cornelia Green*,	40
Mr. John Wyman, *Katherine F. Gleason*, '91,	34	Auld Acquaintance, *Charlotte F. Roberts*,	41
Fables for Freshmen, *K. F. G.*, '91,	36	Inter-Collegiate Notes, *Caroline Frear*,	42
Young America,	37	Our Exchanges, *Caroline Frear*,	43
Mother Goose Revised, *C. B. G.*, '92,	39	Waban Ripples, *Sarah S. Hickenlooper*,	43

OCTOBER 4, 1890.

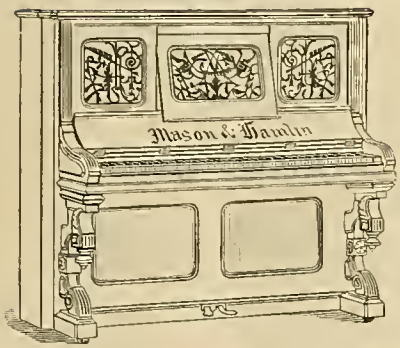
BROWN BROS., Publishers, 43 Lincoln Street, Boston.

PIANOS AND ORGANS.

The MASON & HAMLIN improved method of Stringing, produces remarkable refinement of tone and phenomenal capacity to stand in tune.

These Pianos are consequently excellent for Renting.

Sold for Cash or Easy Payments.



100 different Styles of Organs $22 to $1200.

Mason & Hamlin Organs have received Highest Awards at all great world's Exhibitions at which they have been exhibited since 1867.

Organs Rented till Rent pays for them.

CATALOGUES FREE.

MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN and PIANO CO.,

BOSTON, NEW YORK AND CHICAGO.

30-y Mason & Hamlin Hall, 154 and 155 TREMONT STREET, BOSTON.

B. F. BRADBURY,

DRUGGIST,

443 WASHINGTON Cor. WINTER ST.

— DEALER IN —

Fine Drugs, Chemicals and Family Medicines.

SELECT FANCY GOODS AND TOILET ARTICLES,
of every Description.

Especial Attention given to Physician's Prescriptions.
Prompt Attention to Customers. 30-y.

T. E. MOSELEY & CO.,

469 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON,

DEALERS IN

BOOTS AND SHOES.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT FOR

YOUNG LADIES.

Discount to all Students of Wellesley College.

30-y

SPRINGER BROTHERS,

IMPORTERS,

Wholesale and Retail Cloak Manufacturers.

500 WASHINGTON STREET, CORNOR BEDFORD

Carriage Entrance. 10 and 12 BEDFORD STREET,

30-y BOSTON.

ESTEY

PIANOS AND ORGANS.

FULLY WARRANTED.

35-4 **159 TREMONT STREET.**

GEMS AND PRECIOUS STONES

—AT—

"ART PARLORS," 58 WINTER ST.

Manufacturers of Jewelry in *Special Designs.*

CLASS BADGES, PINS and RINGS,
FLORAL SOUVENIR SPOONS,
HEIRLOOMS MODERNIZED

Moonstone, Turquoise, Topaz. Chalcedony Hearts
With Diamond or Plain Mountings.

We recognize the fact that original designs are more appreciated than goods purchased from a stock without personal association.

FINE WATCH REPAIRING.

A Specialty in Eye Glasses extremely becoming to Wearer.
EYES TESTED.

GEORGE A. PERRY. G. C. FRIEND.

NEW DRUG STORE.

To the Citizens of Natick and Vicinity, the undersigned would most respectfully call your attention to his store in

DOWNS' BLOCK, SO. MAIN ST.,

Recently fitted up, where may be found a full line of

DRUGGISTS' SUPPLIES.

With twenty-five years experience, and a careful attention to business, I hope to merit a fair share of your patronage.

All Prescriptions will be Carefully & Accurately Compounded.

CHAS. H. MORSE

10 Agent, Registered Pharmacist.

ARTISTS' MATERIALS

OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

Mathematical Instruments,

Etching Materials, Etc.

FROST & ADAMS,

F. S. FROST, H. A. LAWRENCE. } 18 37 CORNHILL, BOSTON.

ECKERSON,

Opp: Morse Institute, Natick, Mass.

Artistic Photography.

COLLEGE CLASS WORK A SPECIALTY.

N

We call your attention to the Fine Stock of GLOVES that

MISS M. F. FISK,

44 TEMPLE PLACE,

Is showing in KID, DOG SKIN, SWEDE—in fact anything that a Lady can use in Gloves.

Miss Fisk has added to the attraction of her Store, by opening a counter for Ice Cream Soda, Hot Bouillon, Chocolate, Coffee, Tea and Milk, making it very convenient to refresh oneself when shopping.

MISS HATCH,

Dressmaking and Millinery,

STYLISH AND SATISFACTORY WORK.

STEARN'S BUILDING, 10 TEMPLE PLACE, BOSTON.
1-18 Elevator, Temple Place.

DeWOLFE, FISKE & CO.,

PUBLISHERS AND BOOKSELLERS,

The Archway Bookstore,

361 & 365 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.

1-18 All the New, Popular and Standard Books at Lowest Prices.

JOHN F. DOWSLEY, D.D.S,

MONDAY, TUESDAY and WEDNESDAY,

Room 19, Evans House, 175 Tremont Street,

BOSTON, MASS.

THURSDAY, FRIDAY AND SATURDAY,

2 *Room 10, Clark's Block, Natick, Mass.*

ESTABLISHED 1880.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

On account of the intended destruction of this building, 31 East 17th Street, (between 4th Ave. and Broadway), where I have been established for many years, my address after May 1st, will be

E. MIRIAM COYRIERE, Teachers' Agency,
150 Fifth Ave., Cor. 20th St., New York. 29-18

THE WELLESLEY PRELUDE.

VOL. II. BOSTON, MASS., OCTOBER 4, 1890. No. 3

The Wellesley Prelude.

Edited by the Students of Wellesley College and published weekly during the college year. Price, $2.00 a year, in advance. Single copies, 10 cents.

EDITORS:

EMILY I. MEADER, '91.
ESTHER BAILEY, '91. KATHERINE F. GLEASON, '91.
CORNELIA E. GREEN, '92. BLANCHE B. BAKER, '92.
CAROLINE FREAR, '93. SARAH S. HICKENLOOPER, '94.
BERTHA DEF. BRUSH, '93. ANNY AUGUSTA WHITNEY, Sp
CHARLOTTE F. ROBERTS, '80.

All literary communications from the students of the College should be sent to LITERARY EDITOR OF THE PRELUDE, through the PRELUDE box in the general office. Literary communications from outside the College should be directed to the Alumnæ Editor, Miss Charlotte F. Roberts, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

Subscriptions should be sent, *in all cases*, to Esther Bailey, Wellesley College, Wellesley, Mass.

ADVERTISEMENTS and other business communications should be addressed to Brown Bros., 43 Lincoln St., Boston, Mass.

THE Greek letter societies have become so much a matter of course in our Wellesley life that it hardly seems possible that we have had them but a year. When, in the winter and spring of 1889, the question was discussed of renewing the Phi Sigma and Zeta Alpha of former days when '80 reigned supreme, various doubts and difficulties arose, which nevertheless seemed more than offset by the numerous benefits to be gained.

As we look back over the year, it is encouraging to find that the promised good has been realized. Surely it has been true of the societies this past year that they have been the stimulus for fine intellectual work, that they have been the cause of delightful social intercourse, and the means of making some of the firmest of college friendships. Society members are enthusiastic and recognize the decided advantage they have gained.

In entering upon another year, each society brings to the work new hope and vigor, and determination to carry out the fond plans of the early members, so many of whose faces are missed this year. But while many have gone out from the societies, several new girls are entering upon society life this fall. The Zeta Alpha initiates of Sept. 20, are Miss Edith Ames, Sp., Miss Bertha Brush, Miss Mary Hazard, Miss Marian Lutz, of '93, and Miss Adelaide Miller and Miss Sarah Hickenlooper, of '94. On Sept. 27, Phi Sigma received eight new members, Miss Lillian Crawford, '92, Miss Mable Stone and Miss Susan Lum, Sp., Miss Edith White, Miss Caroline Frear, Miss May Dillingham, Miss Mary Hill, Miss Elinor Ruddle, of '93, and Miss Roberta Allen, '94.

The Shakespeare Society admitted as new members, Sept. 27, Miss Jane Freeman, '90, Miss Elizabeth Kellogg, Miss Caroline Newman and Miss Emily Fogg, of '93, and Miss Mabel Jenkins, Sp.

It cannot but give us pleasure to know that one of our College houses afforded substantial enjoyment to those in sore need of it during the summer months. After the Eliot was deserted by its College inmates, daughters of Wellesley whose tired brains urged them to the calm quiet of the mountains or the soothing rest of the sea-shore, it was filled by other girls, of about the same ages as their Wellesley sisters; physically worn out and discouraged girls, who came to the bright, happy country home to get the rest they so much craved.

A hundred and sixty shop-girls and seamstresses, laundresses, cash-girls and poor school-girls, many of them ill as well as tired, spent happy vacations of a week or two weeks at the hospitable Eliot. Each day they gave some time in helping to perform the household work, but many long hours were left for wandering over the fair little town of Wellesley and the beautiful College grounds.

The Eliot seems an especially well adapted summer home for working girls, situated as it is in the

midst of beautiful surroundings, which are of inestimable advantage to the hungry natures. Lake Waban was an especial delight to them all, offering treasures of lovely water-lilies which most of the girls had never before had an opportunity of gathering.

They universally showed heart-felt appreciation for the opportunity for the vacation they enjoyed so thoroughly, many of them returning to the city much improved in health. Many expressions of gratitude were received, from one of which, by a poor deaf seamstress, we quote the following; "Having been one of the delighted recipients of an ideal vacation in the dear Eliot home, I do hereby extend therefor the warmest thanks it is possible to express. Wearied and worn almost to the last extremity by the hand to mouth conflict, rendered in my case all the harder by reason of physical deprivation, you can only imagine how delightful the change. Here we did literally and truly take no thought for the morrow, but with an intense love for the beautiful and picturesque in nature, wandered at our own sweet will, finding at every step

'Tongues in the trees, — books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.'"

One girl of sixteen who desires a College education, after seeing and admiring Wellesley, has gone home with renewed vigor to accomplish her purpose. It is agreeable to us to know that the good work of Wellesley did not cease during the summer, but was turned in an entirely new, though equally beneficial direction.

The welcome given to the Freshmen by the College Glee Club on the first Saturday evening of the term was so much enjoyed by all the girls, old and new, that the question arises, why can we not have such a gathering often? Our brothers vent their college spirit by singing together often, with all the vim that strong lungs and several banjos can give, the jolly College Songs so closely associated with the idea of college life. Almost everyone enjoys singing College Songs, and they are much more spirited and therefore much more enjoyable when sung by many voices. Very many of the girls go to the gymnasium to dance on Saturday and Monday evenings, and if sometimes College Songs were also a feature of the evening, the social hour might become even pleasanter.

THE STORY OF A STORM.

George and I were in the Northwest, hunting, and sat together one night, by our tent fire, after a day of success among the feathered beauties. George was gratuitously ventilating his opinions of the fair sex, emphasizing what he termed their weaknesses.

"Cowards, Major, all cowards! as apt to scream at the sight of a caterpillar as at the approach of a lion."

"I deny it, George. You are a bachelor and you don't know them as I do. Ask a few questions of this old tent, here. If the old canvas could answer, it would tell you that women can be as cool and collected as men. It protected some brave souls during the war, but none were braver than four ladies who reposed beneath it once, in a cyclone in Minnesota, a state famous for its storms."

"You say that tent was in the war, Major?"

"Look at the patches over its bullet-holes, they speak for themselves, George."

"But I'd like to hear, Major, how it got into a Minnesota storm, with ladies. Hurrah now, for a story mixed up with wind, and women, both worthy to be feared."

"Sheath the sword of your sarcasm, and I will tell you. Well, my two daughters and I were spending the summer at Prior Lake. My old friend, Captain Brown lived near the hotel. He and I offered to introduce his wife, sister and my girls to the novel pleasure of a hunt on the prairie. The Captain and myself started a day or so before the ladies, to have the camp in shape for them, near the ground where we thought there would be good sport among the prairie-chickens. They saw us depart in our hunter's rig, and it never occurred to us that it would be necessary to tell them to put on their old clothes. I must say, that when they joined us on the prairie, riding up in a two-horse wagon secured for their accommodation, and with them the numerous traps ladies

always carry, the Captain and I bent to the ground, convulsed with laughter. There they were, the four of them, perched up on the seats, with their feathers flying, lace parasols, dotted veils over their faces, skirts draped in the height of the mode, and satchels well-filled with everything necessary for a parlor toilette.

"But George, don't judge the ladies by this, please. I have found that you have to get women in tight places, oftentimes, to find out what material they are made of, and this case was no exception."

Here George shifted his pipe from right to left, and asked impatiently, "But where does the storm come in?"

"I'm coming to that. We received our plumed huntresses with the graceful hospitality characteristic of the true sportsman. 'Twas nearly supper-time when they drove up, and all appetites had been sharpened by exercise, fresh air, and the odors we caught from the roasted duck, which our cook, Tom Gillicudy, prepared under Captain Brown's masterly direction. After supper, we took the ladies for a walk, a prairie-promenade, plumes and all, while by my side, trolled that canine Venus there in the corner. *Her* ornaments were burrs, matted in her silky coat. There was a big fire raging in the distance and the prairie was all aglow with the reflection of the flames, mingled with the bright rays of a glorious sunset; a picture I never shall forget. The ladies *knew* that we would all be burned up before morning, and Capt. Brown and I were obliged to excuse ourselves from accepting their kind invitation to dig pits around the tents, to keep off the flames. Returning from our walk, we gathered around our board table, and played cards by the light of our tallow candle, and then retired, the Captain and myself to our quarters near this old tent, which we gave to the ladies. They were a trifle nervous while preparing for bed, and several times called out to us to know if we had turned out the lights down stairs, and locked the front door. Now, for the storm. I suppose we all fell asleep. I did, I know. The first thing I knew, I was brought to my senses by a pelting hail and rain-storm, beating down mercilessly upon my upturned face, above which no longer stood a tent. 'Sure as heaven,' I said aloud, 'we're in a Minnesota cyclone!' and my fears were confirmed by a flash of lightening, a peal of thunder and a hurricane of wind that made my very soul shudder, and my knees shake, as I struggled to my feet to see what this fight of the pines meant. The Captain had also sprung up, and exclaimed, 'Day of judgment, Major! What has happened? The women, Major, the women, for God's sake, the women!'

I screamed, 'My girls, oh! my girls! Mary! Clara!' I called them in a tone that would have wakened them, if they had been dead.

For myself, I was blinded, strangled, and beaten down by the torrents of rain, and the wind that made my strength seem that of a pigmy. I seized a huge comfort which had covered me, and throwing it about my shoulders, with the flashes of lightning guiding me, I stumbled on with outstretched hands, groping anxiously about for my girls. One brilliant flash of dancing electricity revealed another fallen tent, from which came the voice of Clara crying, 'Oh! Papa! oh! Captain! don't be frightened, we're not hurt! only Papa, something holds me down by the hair."

The lightning just then showed me my dog, Lena, lying across Clara's long, beautiful hair. I got close to them, how I know not, unless by the instinct prompted by a father's love. Mrs. Brown and Mary were under the fallen tent and—."

"Didn't they scream like maniacs, Major?"

"Not a bit of it; they seemed to think only of our terror and consternation and tried to relieve us, by assuring us, they were all right, while we continued to grope about, endeavoring to rescue them, get them upon their feet, cover them with blankets for a grand stampede in the direction of the nearest farm-house.

"You've read, George, of rout and retreat, of scuffle and skirmish, of fright and frenzy, but this was a scene of all these combined, for our foes were the blackness of Hades, a rain equal to a flood, lightning that would terrify Mars himself, hail that would cut the cuticle of a rhinoceros, and wind that could almost remove mountains.

"George, as I think of it now, words fail me. Six helpless, defenceless mortals, drenched to the skin, rushing headlong at midnight, with heavy, rain-soaked blankets trailing behind them over a prairie, in search of shelter from a Minnesota

cyclone, and as we thought then, from death and destruction itself! An instantaneous photograph, taken at the time would set forth weird horrors not surpassed by anything in Dante's Inferno.

"But, panting, weary and dripping, we reached the humble prairie-home, sustained all along the way by the cheerful words of those whom you just called cowards. I think the occupants at first took us for savage Indians, or demons who came to hasten them to destruction, from which they were preparing to save themselves by flight to the cellar. The sight of the faces of the girls soon reassured them, and seeing our forlorn condition, they got out clothes for us, what few they had. We were glad enough to get into them, though I threw the whole party into gales of laughter as I stepped forth in trousers and coat belonging to the little farmer, five feet eight inches, and you know I am over six feet. The Capt. looked as if dressed for a game of tennis, or as if he had donned a bicycling costume. For a moment the storm was forgotten as our sudden merriment mingled with its roaring horrors. As to the dress of the ladies, words fail me, but alas for the feathers and finery! They probably strew the prairie now, telling the sad tale of devastation, wrought by that cyclone.

"The ladies now retired to get a little rest. The Capt. and I sat up all night, drying what few clothes we had succeeded in getting together, upon a second trip to the camp, after the storm had abated its fury.

Morning came, the earth was as peaceful and full of sunshine as if Dame Nature had not outraged an innocent hunting-party, who never could forget the picture she had painted in their memories, of a nocturnal cyclone.

"When Lena, the dog came out from the night's peril, one side of her had turned green."

'See,' we all exclaimed, 'see what a cyclone will do for a dog!'

"This miracle was explained by the fact that she had lain upon the rain-soaked green dress of one of one of the plumed-hunters, Clara."

"Well, Major," said George, the morning after I told him this wild experience, "I dreamed all night of winds and women and woe! I suppose it was a mental cyclone, induced by that windy story of yours, last night."

Emily Howard Foley.

MR. JOHN WYMAN.

A CHARACTER SKETCH.

New England has given to us no product more thoroughly characteristic of herself than the inventor. He may be a skilled mechanic, he may be a vender of old rags; perchance his soul yearns to produce a combination clothes-pin, perchance to evolve a substitute for steam. But whatever his particular object, whatever his calling, the type is common, the varieties are myriad.

One of the above has, by some stroke of fortune, come beneath my mental microscope. See him, then, as I have seen him. The ups and downs incident to the life of an inventor have left Mr. John Wyman a man of some sixty years, possessed of a stout figure, florid face, and light-colored, prominent eyes. His thick, red neck is encircled by a tired-looking collar, supported by a stringy tie of rusty silk, whose ends drop forlornly upon the expanse of limp linen below. His coat is frayed on the edges, and the seams are well-worn. Indeed, so shabby is it, that there is evident a reluctance on the part of the buttons to share its disreputable company; for here and there they have departed, leaving sod, wistful gaps, while the few remaining hung far out upon the thread, as if to avoid contamination.

As Mr. Wyman stands before you to-day, one large hand grasps a huge umbrella, as stout and dingy as its owner, and his constant companion. The other hand he now extends to you in hearty greeting, and you strive, not to recoil from its moist, fishy clasp. He seats himself, and an almost vacant look comes into the staring eyes, and if addressed, he rouses himself slowly, with an absent, husky, "Huh?" Mr. Wyman often speaks boastingly of his Dutch ancestry, and the immense fortune which is, one day, to come to him from over the sea. Yet I know of nothing which he has, as yet, from them by inheritance, save this same heavy, stolid look, and, perhaps, a fondness for lager beer. Yet at these moments, when, to the casual observer, he may

appear utterly bereft of ideas, his mind is busily at work on some embryo invention, suggesting, altering, perfecting. Lead the conversation to the mechanism of an engine, and the dull face lights up with a gleam of intelligent interest. The perplexing details of a new contrivance, and the principles involved, are grasped with almost incredible swiftness, and that large hand, with its coarse, red flesh and clumsy, ill-kept fingers, manipulates bolts, screws and minute wheels as delicately and skilfully as an artist his brush.

Through boyhood's days on a country farm, through young manhood's life in a city bank, a little germ of ingenuity if not of genius, lay in this nature undiscovered, undeveloped. Black days of crime followed, and flight from justice, to a foreign country, and still was he ignorant not alone of the whole sphere of mechanics, but even of the existence in himself of any taste in this direction.

Then came a time of hiding, dodging, skulking, before he dared return to New England, years when a more sensitive nature would have sunk beneath the strain and the disgrace,while a stronger nature might have plunged into deeper wickedness. As it was, it was easy to drift, and so he drifted.

It was no heaven-sent vision that awoke the latent force within him; no angel's touch set the chord to vibrating. In most prosaic form the impulse came. One Mr. Smith advertised for a strong man to assist in the care of a mechanical model, to be entered at the Philadelphia "Centennial" in 1876. It was a question of bread and butter, and Mr. Wyman applied for, and obtained, the position. Just how that little model fascinated and inspired the man's whole being, I cannot explain. But it not only led him to the careful study of machines, but impelled him to the creation of new models.

As far as his home is concerned, surely never has fate given to a man less inspiring surroundings His wife, "Serrer," as he calls her, is a fat, half-imbecile woman, selfish and extravagant, possessed of neither heart nor brains. She, too, is something. of an inventor, but in the realm of flowers unknown to any botanist, and vicious-looking cherubs, (also in worsted,) with puffy cheeks, sadly suggestive of the fact that their earthly career was ended by mumps. Mrs. Wyman accepts whatever good things life brings to her, and, the while, dreams of the gorgeous raiment which is to deck her capacious person when the expected wealth share came pouring in. Home, then, means to this man, a few rooms in a third-rate boarding-house, or during a fitful streak of luck, a hotel suite; a senseless wife, and an ever-increasing and expensive family. Little wonder tha tthe poor fellow, affectionate in his way, spends many a day and night in his office, in the more congenial company of rollers, shafts and machines.

It was a memorable day in the history of the Wyman family when the first model of "Wyman's Giant Steam Motor" was completed. The delighted inventor rushed this way and that, an expansive smile on his broad, florid face and rubbed his fat hands together, the while giving vent to deep, gleeful chuckles. A company was formed immediately; circulars were issued advertising shares in glowing terms:—"The Greatest Invention of the Nineteenth Century!" "Marvellous in its power, yet simple in its workings." "Just attach it to a sewing-machine, and a six-months old infant can easily set it in motion!"

It may be because such a muscular prodigy failed to come forward to add his testimony and to show off the machine to an admiring audience, that success failed to come to this invention. But, at all events, money failed to flow into the treasury, the Company faded away, and the "greatest achievement of the Nineteenth Century" stands today in a city office, the cylinder dust-covered, the spiral spring wreathed with cob-webs, a melancholy monument to the unappreciative spirit of the American public.

The inventor is, of course, disheartened? Not at all. He heaves a sigh or two, removes his family from the fashionable street where they have established themselves, on the strength of their great expectations; limits himself to one less cigar per day; borrows a few hundreds of dollars, and, before long, with wondrous buoyancy, his wonted hopefulness adjusts itself. He shuts himself up in his office for a week or two, and suddenly emerges, like a lively Jack-in-the-Box, and "Wyman's Self-regulating Register" is brought before the public. But alas! it, too, has a brief career,

and sinks into obscurity or oblivion. Such the history and fate of dozens of mechanical devices which have sprung from the brain of this inventor.

In the inner apartment of a Boston office are arranged pile on pile of models and machines in all stages of completion, most of them abandoned only after years of patient, unsuccessful labor. And there, today, I suppose, sits a weary, gray-haired man, his head bent low over a pile of mechanical drawings, and plans. He counts himself lucky if to-day's dinner is sure to be forthcoming; for he is accustomed by the habit of years, to let to-morrow take of itself. Yet, I suppose, he is still looking forward with expectant hopefulness to glorious results to come from the latest creations of the brain.

A common-place man,—utterly prosaic in both appearance and surroundings, with nothing to distinguish him from countless other men to be found in any of our large towns or cities. Yet, to me, there is something inexpressibly touching in this wistful, hopeful, groping search for a nameless something which eludes his grasp. This moment he thinks he has it, the next, it is gone!

Such, then, is the man to whom I introduce you today. He has sinned, but more from human weakness than from innate wickedness. He has reduced many a wealthy friend to like poverty with himself, but he would share his last crust with any one of them; he has deceived hundreds by his glowing accounts of his inventions, yet not wholly wilfully, for he has believed in them himself, and the need of money was urgent.

What shall be the end? Will he, some years hence, a weary, bent, old man, turn with despair and loathing from this fruitless endeavor? Or will he, with eyes strained after the unattainable, pass into the future life, still hopeful, still seeking? Or will fate grant to the baffled man one glorious triumph, before death ends his striving?

Katherine F. Gleason, '91.

Yet when I go out doors in the summer night and see how high the stars are, I am persuaded that there is time enough here or elsewhere, for all that I must do —*Emerson*.

What we need most is not so much to realize the ideal as to idealize the real.—*J. H. Hedge*.

FABLES FOR FRESHMEN.

I.

THE KID AND THE LION.

A kid and a lion chanced to meet, one day, at the entrance to a narrow, winding path, the only way over the mountains into the field beyond. The lion graciously bade the kid "Good Morning," and was about to proceed up the path. But ye blithesome kid, in haste to begin his morning repast, forgot Papa Goat's injunction to respect his elders, and always give the precedence to his superiors. So he rushed rudely past the lion, and was soon well on his way up the mountain. But becoming weary, he was soon overtaken by the stately lion, who being bent on a search for geological specimens, could stop for no obstacles in his path; and therefore, seizing the kid, clapped him into his specimen-bag, and marched serenely on. Thus, tradition saith, was the youthful kid kidnapped, and adds that all the feminine portion of the lion family appeared next day in new kid gloves.

Haec fabula docet that the path of glory leads but to the grave, and that—some College buildings possess one elevator only.

II.

A youthful dog became so interested in the affairs of his neighbors that he appointed himself on the night police. One evening, as he sallied forth with his lantern, about ten o'clock, he spied a cat gliding softly into a house near by. Straightway his curiosity was so aroused that he rushed up to the house, and peered into the window. The light from the lantern awoke the five young cats within, and they raised their voices such a mean elevation that the dog, dropping his precious lantern, fled. The cats joined a choir and lived to a good old age; but the dog was himself arrested, for burning his lantern after ten o'clock.

Haec fabula docet the fatal results of youthful curiosity, and furthermore reminds us that people who live in houses with glass transoms should meditate upon the penetrative qualities of light and sound.

III.

THE RABBIT AND THE WOLF.

A wolf sat by the roadside and fanned himself with a huge cabbage leaf. Overcome by the exertion, he fell asleep. A rabbit passing by, saw the leaf, and cogitated within himself as follows:—"I smell cabbage. I must have some for my dinner. And why not slip this cabbage-leaf out of the wolf's hand while he is asleep?" Suiting the action to the thought, he grasped the leaf between his thumb and forefinger. But a violent agitation seized him at this critical moment, and the wolf, rousing himself for an instant, smote the rabbit with the cabbage-leaf with such force that he described an arc backward, and became maimed for life.

Haec fabula docet that, while Heaven helps those who help themselves, it is not well to help ourselves *too* promiscuously to the possessions of our neighbors.

K. F. G., '91.

YOUNG AMERICA.

My Pony, 'tis of thee,
Emblem of liberty,
To thee I sing;
Book of my Freshman days,
Worthy of fondest praise,
Worthy of poets' lays,
I'd tribute bring.

My gallant Pony, thee,
Help to the wearied be,
When "Ex" is nigh.
I love thy well-worn look,
Thou gentle little book,
Down in some hidden nook,
Silently lie.

Harper's and Bohn! to thee,
Authors of liberty,
To thee we sing.
Horace, Demosthenes,
Tacitus, Sophocles,
Livy and Homer, these,
The horse is king! — *Ex.*

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

Dr. Charles Parkhurst, of New York, preached to the students on Sunday, Sept. 28, taking his text from Acts 26: 29.

* * *

In the evening at a meeting of the Christian Association, Miss Julia Bissell, a former student of Wellesley, who has been engaged for some years in the mission field in India, spoke of her work and the needs that present themselves there. Although there are many schools and colleges throughout the country, education is regarded by the students merely as a means of obtaining some government position, and hence a livilihood. It is never sought for from a love of knowledge itself. Therefore there is a pressing need of intelligent men and women who shall inspire them with high ideals, and teach them to live up to their convictions against traditionary superstition. India has a literature of her own, but it is not suited to the awakening intellects of her people, and she needs a supply of pure and instructive reading matter. Although there is a fine system of hospitals throughout the country, the people, who are ignorant and superstitious, are strangely averse to them, and prefer to consult their own unskilled physicians rather than accept hospital treatment. In the out-lying, thinly-settled districts there is no opportunity whatever for medical aid, and consequently sickness is attended with the greatest suffering. Therefore there arises the most urgent need for intelligent medical assistance, and for women who can work among the people, care for them, and instruct them in regard to the laws of health. Miss Bissell closed her little talk with an earnest appeal to the students to consider the needs of India, and aid as far as they could in the good work begun there. The field is a broad one, she said, and amply large for the talents of all.

* * *

A business meeting of the Wellesley Microscopical and Scientific Society was held last Saturday evening, Sept. 27th. The election of officers for the coming year was as follows:

President,	Miss Emily F. Brown, '90.
Vice President,	Miss Charlotte Hazlewood, '91.
Recording Secretary,	Miss Helen F. Chambers, '92.
Treasurer,	Miss Marietta Newcomb, Special.
Corresponding Secretary.	Miss Helen E. Bruce, '92.

* * *

On Saturday evening, September 27th the Shakespeare Society held its first regular meeting of the year. The Art Library proved a delightful place for the meeting, and will, for the present, be devoted to the meetings of the Shakespeare Society on the last Saturday of each month. Although many familiar faces were missed,

there was a full attendance of the members. Shakespeare's first play was an appropriate one to study for the first meeting, and the papers and discussions on Love's Labour's Lost were very interesting.

The following program was carried out:—

Shakespeare News,	Miss Miller.
Study of the Plot.	Miss Hardon.
Euphuism of the XVIth and XIXth Centuries,	Miss Gertrude Spalding.
Representation, Act. I. Scene I.	
King,	Miss Stevens.
Biron,	Miss Brackett.
Longaville,	Miss Stinson.
Costard,	Miss Wardwell.
Dull,	Miss Eleanor Green.
Tennyson's Indebtedness to Shakespeare's Love's Labour's Lost,	Miss Foster.
Representation, Act V. Scene II.	
Princess,	Miss Eleanor Green.
Katharine,	Miss Converse.
Rosaline,	Miss Baldwin.
Maria,	Miss Wilkinson.
Boyet,	Miss Stimson.
The Requirements of the Drama.	Miss Bock.

The dramatic representations were well done, and Costard as well as Boyet stabbed their audience with laughter to perfection.

The meetings of the coming year will be closed, unless by special vote of the Society.

* * *

The round silver moon that hung over Wellesley, Monday evening, Sept. 29, peeped in upon four different scenes of jollification, and beamed upon hosts of happy girls. In the gymnasium the Seniors danced together, at Waban the Juniors put into practise their knowledge of drawing, reserved from their Freshmen days, and, at the Main Building, the Sophomores, the Freshmen, and the Specials, thronged the corridors in gay array, at their receptions. Ninety-three was very glad that evening, for she had her reception, it was a brilliant success, and everyone was happy. All day long her decorative committee had labored busily, and when at last they ceased, their work ended, the first floor centre seemed to have undergone a complete transformation. Rugs did their best to conceal ungainly mattings, gay portières hung before the doors, soft cushions, piled luxuriantly in chairs and upon couches, invited one to rest, and pictures, scarfs, dainty chairs, and tables were scattered about in the cosiest, most tempting fashion. A new feature of decoration was the pretty display of class colors. The white and the gold appeared everywhere They twined about the pillars, and peered from out the foliage banked in the corners. Accross the centre on the second floor stretched the class motto in gleaming letters of gold upon a white background "Gnothi Kairon." In the corner at the foot of the stairs where Niobe usually holds sway alone, was a dainty bit of woodland scene. Birch trees, slender and graceful, with trunks of silvery white, formed a diminutive greenwood, and beneath them, its gleaming yellow contrasting charmingly with the soft greens of the birches, lay a dug canoe. Above the tree, again in letters of gold, were the mottoes, "Give me of thy bark, oh birch tree," and "Paddle your own canoe." Here the Freshmen were brought to receive their favors, which were tiny canoes of birch bark with the word "Pansy" on one side, printed in gold. In the Browning-room Prof. Lord, and Mrs. Durant, Miss Kellogg and Miss White, Ninety-three's president and vice president, and Miss Miller, the chairman of Ninety-four, received each Freshman cordially, as she was presented, and then she was taken away by her kindly devoted Sophomore, introduced to everyone, welcomed with music, and feasted with ices and wafers, on the second floor. This made a charming banquet hall. Little tables, each with a dainty spray of flowers in the centre, were scattered about, several lamps shed their soft radiance upon the scene, and the groups of happy girls in their pretty evening gowns, made a picture fair indeed to look upon. Here Sophomore and Freshman feasted together with soft lights and bright colors all about them, and gay songs and music coming to their ears from below. Ninety-three is to be congratulated on account of the number of good voices among her girls. The singing was an especially attractive feature of the evening, and the songs which were charmingly bright, and filled with that sort of advice Sophomores love to give Freshmen, created most merriment and applause. But, like all good times, the Sophomore reception came to an end at last. One by one the girls, tired, but oh, so happy, left the corridors and sought their rooms to repeat in dreams the blissful experiences of the evening. Gradually the halls became deserted and silent and, in the dim light that alone remained, the easels, the chairs, and the tables threw weird and ghost-like shadows about them, and the silent halls with their unaccustomed decorations looked strange indeed. So it was over, at last. Ninety-three's Sophomore reception, but the memory of it will linger long in the hearts of the happy Freshmen who had indeed, to quote from one of them, a "most perfectly beautiful time."

* * *

Last Monday evening, while the Sophomores were receiving the Freshmen on the first floor of our college hall, the Specials were welcoming their new members up in the third floor center. Although the number of former Specials was small, the welcome was not less but more hearty, as each one felt an individual responsibility to make our friends feel at home. The center

had been very prettily decorated with cushions and portieres, rugs and easels. In one corner there were a number of plants with ferns and branches of leaves arranged at the bottom. In front of this stood the president and vice-president to receive the guests. Each carried a bunch of carnations, the class flower. Phi Sigma lamp shed its kindly light on the spot and added much to the beauty. After being received the guests were taken to a table and provided with souvenirs. These were small Japanese fans tied with the Wellesley blue, and made very pretty ornaments for the hair. Flowers were scattered around everywhere. The piano so kindly loaned was the source of not a little pleasure and was a very enjoyable means of entertainment. After being refreshed with sherbet and wafers the girls bade good-night to their hostesses, and felt that the evening had been both pleasant and profitable, and hoped that many true friendships would grow out of it.

MOTHER GOOSE REVISED.

Sing a song of Freshmen —
Chapel full before —
Hundreds two plus twenty,
Crowding to the door.
When the door is opened,
How can they get out ?
Isn't it enough to make
The Chapel Fund grow stout ?

Jingle now of Soph'mores—
Brains so lull of facts (?)
Schedule looks quite empty,
So that counteracts.
When the year is over,
Sophs look sad and worn,
Heave great sighs and murmur,
Wish Smith — had ne'er been born.

Sing of pretty Juniors.
Trunks packed full of clothes,
Four and twenty men to find
Ere the season's close.
Physics is adorable,
History not hard —
What is there can take away
The hope of " Promenade " ?

Chant ye now of Seniors,
Pockets full of lead —
Have to keep some there, you know,
To poise that stately head.
Should the lead, perchance, go thro',
Babes might see her run.
Wouldn't that be a lowering to
Majestic '91 ?

C. B. G., '92

THE WESTERN WELLESLEY ASSOCIATION.

Monday, September 8th, 1890, the ninth annual banquet of the Western Wellesley Association was held in the parlors of the Grand Pacific, Chicago.

By one o'clock the business meeting was in progress with the President, Miss Marion Ely, '88, in the chair. The usual statements and reports were read and we were all glad to hear of the satisfactory financial condition of affairs and that, through the generosity of a friend, we were enabled to make another contribution to the Norumbega fund. The presence of the Corresponding Secretary, Miss May Cook, was greatly missed, and much sympathy felt for her illness.

The business was concluded by the election of the following officers for the coming year :— Miss May Cook, president; Mrs. Annie M. Clark and Mrs. Edward Jewett, vice-presidents; Miss Carrie Williamson, corresponding secretary; Miss Hattie Stone, recording secretary and treasurer; and Miss Ada Woolfolk, annalist.

Then a short season of general greeting and introduction was followed by the banquet, where members of all classes, from the girls who entered in '75 to the new girl of '94 on her way to the College, fraternized over the pretty menu cards and dainty souvenirs. As we sat over the coffee and almonds the President gave her bright address of welcome, and the Secretary read two telegrams of greeting and congratulation, one from Mrs Durant and one from Miss Shafer, and we drank the health of both our honored friends. Miss Bean, '89, then gave us hearty greetings from the Eastern girls and from Wellesley itself. Miss Adams, who was to give an address, was not able to be present, but Mrs. Clara Becker kindly consented to read a very thoughtful and delightful paper on Gladstone, and Miss Stone gave us a bright report of the past year in her "Annals." The remaining time was pleasantly spent in conversation and music. Miss Zimmerman charmed everyone with her pure, sweet voice, and we all joined in singing the song printed in gold upon our souvenirs —"To Alma Mater."

Reluctantly the company separated, some of us going away to dream over old days in Wellesley, and some to begin the journey toward the "College Beautiful" with bright visions of the future, all inspired with new love and hope for our Alma Mater.

What is excellent
As God lives is permanent.—*Emerson.*

Every act of the man inscribes itself in the menory of his fellows and in his own manners and face.—*Emerson.*

COLLEGE NOTES.

Rev. A. S. Twombly, of Charlestown, will preach in the College Chapel on Sunday October fifth.

On Monday evening next, at the annual Memorial Service of Mr. Durant, Mrs. Marion Pelton Guild will address the College.

Miss Amy Augusta Whitney has been elected editor for the Special organization. We welcome her gladly to the Editorial Board.

Miss Case, instructor in Psychology, has been ill with bronchitis for three weeks in Munich.

Miss Louise Green, of '92, spent Sunday of last week at Wood Cottage. We are sorry she will not be with us this year, but next year we hope to welcome her back to Wellesley.

The College Hall Freshmen also had a "reunion" on this same evening. Miss Hill called them to the gymnasium to tell them about their coming work. There is to be a new system in regard to the gymnasium suits. Each Freshman will buy a ticket from Miss Hill which she will present to Mrs. Irwin for her suit. This arrangement will save time and trouble for everybody.

The Student's Association held its first meeting Thursday of last week to organize for the work of this year. The officers for the year are as follows: Amy M. Mothershead '91, President; M. Alice Emerson '92, Treasurer and Secretary; M. Alice Emerson '92, chairman, Emma Squires '91, Elizabeth R. Kellogg '93, Adelaide Miller '94, Executive Committee. The Special member of the Executive Committee is yet to be appointed.

Miss Mabel Curtis, '90, spent last Sunday at Wood. The Phi Sigmas are to be congratulated on having their former President with them at their first initiations.

The porch which was on the north side of Norumbega has been built into the dining-room, and forms a very pretty little recess for Miss Shafer's table.

Never has there been such a number of musical girls at Freeman. Morning, noon and night the piano is going, and almost every evening the rugs in the front hall are thrown back, and dancing holds sway until seven o'clock,—but only till then. At the first stroke of the bell the piano-lid is shut, the rugs in their proper places again, and presto! all is changed.

Miss Florence Wilkinson, '92, returned last Monday after a two weeks' delightful stay at Marblehead neck. While we have just begun to realize that winter is actually upon us, Miss Wilkinson has been prolonging her summer days almost to October, and has even ventured to go in bathing. She has come back well rested, and with a new store of energy for winter's work.

If any one had observed closely the doings on Norumbega hill, he may have noticed a certain tricycle wending its way round and round and round again the circle between Freeman and Norumbega, at sundry hours of morning and afternoon. Practice makes perfect we all know, but in the meanwhile many a dainty gown must be sacrificed to the relentless wheels of the tricycle. The tricycles themselves sometimes suffer in the process, too. This was the case several days ago. Two adventurons Freshmen started out for a ride on Dominick's double tandem. They went on nobly at first, but fortune is fickle, and they soon came to grief among the rhododendrous near the Art Building. One of the wheels of the tricycle was bent completely double. The Freshmen happily escaped without serious injury, but sadder and wiser than they were before.

The middle of last week, many a heart was set in a "flutter" of excitement, so to speak, by the receiving of a little white envelope containing a dainty gay butter-fly, which bore on its wings the legend, "Come flit with me to Freeman." When Saturday came they resorted thither with joyful minds and found the house bright with gorgeous butter-flies dancing from every possible nook. The hostesses, too, were decorated, and even Miss Dennison, Miss Chapin and Miss Montague, who received the many guests, did not consider it beneath them to wear the gaudy insects upon their shoulders. Chocolate and cake were served in the dining-room, and here, as everywhere, the protecting wings hovered in the air. Miss Beth Wardwell lingered about a corner filled with nasturtiums and butterflies and distributed the pretty souvenirs with a witty and pointed remark to each of the recipients. The youngest guests at the festivities were Miss Paulina Jones, Master Frank Cazenove Jones and Miss Evelyn Warmesley. They were delighted with everything about them, especially the great doll which Miss Whiting brought over for their amusement. The college is so broad that it offers attraction for those of tender years as well as for those of greater discretion. Our warmest thanks are due to Miss Avery, the chairman of the Freeman Club on this occasion.

At the time of the Grand Army re-union in Boston during the month of August, three posts, one from Chicago, another from New Hampshire, and the other from Maine, who were the guests of the Natick post, paid a visit to Wellesley which they enjoyed very much. After visiting Mr. Hunnewell's grounds, they were received at the college and shown around the building by Mrs. Paul and the ladies there. Lemonade and cake were served, and then they proceeded to the Art Building, where they were received by Mrs. Durant. The veterans seemed delighted with Wellesley, and expressed a great deal of pleasure in the visit.

The class in Domestic Economy have, during this past week, been studying cellars. For greater enlightenment on this subject, several members of the class took occasion to visit the lower regions of College Hall, under the guidanae of Mr. Crawford. When they were about in the middle of the building, one of the girls stopped, and, pointing to two posts reaching from floor to ceiling, inquired their significance and use. "Those pillars," replied the guide, "help to support the first floor centre underneath Mrs. Harriet Martineau. She weighs two tons. "Why! she must be the heaviest woman in the college," was the answer in awe-stricken whispers.

Why are not the Wellesley girls more enthusiastic over tennis? Few of them have entered the tournament for singles, and only five teams have entered for doubles,—and the tournament represents over seven hundred girls.

The members of the Zeta Alpha spent a very pleasant hour in Society Hall on the evening of the twenty-sixth. It was the first of their Friday evening reunions which are to be continued throughout the year.

Mrs. Palmer's portrait is once more "at home" in the Art Building. We are all glad to welcome it back after its journey, and the new members among us who have never seen it before may now have the privilege of admiring it.

We wish to correct a mistake which appeared in the first number of the Prelude. It was stated that Miss Pendleton was to instrnct the Sophomore classes in Mathematics. Miss Chandler has the Sophomore work as usual, and Miss Pendleton the Freshman work.

AULD ACQUAINTANCE.

BORN.

At Three Rivers, Mich., Sept. 15, a son to Mrs. Claudia Bennett Frost, '86.

MARRIED.

Hicks–Sheldon.—At Chicago, Ill., Sept. 18, Verna Evangeline Sheldon, '84, to Frederick Charles Hicks.

Bassett–Preston.—At Bath, N. Y., May 14, Annie Preston, student at college '83-'85, to Edward Bassett. At home in Buffalo, N. Y., No. 174 Pearl St.

New Positions for year 1890–'91.

Margaret Crownshield, B. S., '87, Principal's Assistant, S. Orange, N. J.

Nellora A. Clough, B. A., '90, Wanwatosa, Wis.

Lucy M. Child, B. A., '89, Preparatory and Normal School, Beatrice, Nebraska.

Mabel Doolittle, B. S., '90, Preceptress in High School, Schuylerville, N. Y.

Mary L. Dransfield, B. S., '90, Ilion Union School, Ilion, N. Y.

Mary S. Daniels, B. A., '86, Moulton College, Toronto.

Mary A. Edwards, B. A., '89, High School, Department, of Model School No. 9, University Place, New York.

Georgine Z. Fraser, B. S., '90, Miss Rodney's School, Portland, Oregon.

Mary L. Fish, B. S., '90, High School, Torrington, Conn.

Mary F. Fitch B. S., '90, High School, Wellesley Hills.

Lillian Fishel, '90, Private School, Vernon, N. Y.

Lucy F. Friday, B. A., '86, Classical School for Girls, 1961 Madison Av. New York.

Mary R. Gilman, B. A., '88, Home School, Detroit, Michigan.

Jennie L. Galpin, Lockport High School, Lockport, Ill.

Sarah H. Groff, B. A., '90, Episcopal Sisters' School, New York City.

Mary E. Gray, Sedgewick Institute, Great Barrington, Mass.

Mary F. Hurlburt, B. S., '87, Mrs. Hazen's School, Pelham, Maine.

Anna M. Hamilton, B. A., '90, Georgetown College, Georgetown, O.

Charlotte E. Halsey, B. A., '90, Granville College, Granville, O.

Gennie Hickok, B. S., '90, Normal School, New Britain, Conn.

Mary L. Harkness, M. A. Parsons College, Ia., Graduate Student at Wellesley College, '89-'90, will teach in H. Sophia Newcomb Memorial College, Tulane University, New Orleans.

C. E. Hathaway, B. S., '87, Port Henry, New York.

Margaret L. Ingalls, The Wellesley School, Louisville, Ky.

Clara Keefe, B. A., '88, Governess in the family of Prof. Raphael Pumpelly, Dublin, N. H.; later Bainbridge, Decatur Co., Georgia.

Leona Lebus, B. S., '89, Baldwin Seminary, St. Paul, Minn.

Katharine J. Lane, B. A., '90, Mr. A. D. Warde's School, Hartford, Conn.

Alice M. Lord, Public Schools, Portland, Me.

Martha Mann, B. A., '85, Colorado College, Colorado Springs.

Grace Marsh, B. S., '85, High School, Marshalltown, Ia.

Sarah T. McNary, B. A., '90, Public Schools, Newark, N. J.

Mary Lena McMaster, B. S., '88, Oxford Seminary, Oxford, O.

Mary W. Moderwell, B. S., '90, School of Misses Creighton and Farrar, Englewood, New Jersey.

Elizabeth B. Peckham, B. A., '88, visiting governess, Lenox, Albany, Newport.

Emma S. Pleasants, B. S., '90, Normal School, Moorhead, Minn.

Anna K. Phillips, B. A., '86, Assistant in High School, Dillon, Montana.

Lydia F. Root, Union School, Canton, New York.

Elizabeth Slater, B.A., '88, Science Hill, Shelbyville, Ky

Mary L. Stevens, B. A., '89, Private School, Greenfield, Mass.

Mary C. Strong, B. S., '85, Miss Mittleberger's School, Cleveland, O.

Rose J. Sears, B. A., '90, Howard Collegiate Institute, Bridgewater, Mass.

Bertha E. Smith, B. A., '90, Waterman Hall, Sycamore, Ill.

Annie L. Smith, High School, Atchison, Kansas.

Netta Sawyer, High School, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Martha S. Saunders, B. S., '88, Assistant in High School, Willimantic, Conn.

Eleanor M. Sherwin, B. A., '89, Robinson Seminary, Exeter, N. H.,

Abbie E. Wiggin, B. A., '90, Young Ladies Institute, Windsor, Ct.

Annie S. Woodman, B. A., '89, Mrs. Cady's School, New Haven, Ct.

Mrs. Kate E. Wilson, Howard Collegiate Institute, Bridgewater, Mass.

Mary E. Woodin, B. S., '90, Assistant in High School, Pittsfield, Mass.

Myra G. Weld, B. A., '87, Mrs. Potter's School, Everett, Mass.

Gertrude M. Willcox, B. S., '88, Lindenwood College for Young Ladies, St. Charles, Mo.

Elizabeth S. White, B. A., '86, High School, Concord, Mass.

Clara Walker, B. A., '88, Assistant in High School, Clyde, New York.

Maud Wilkinson, B. A., '89, Assistant in High School, Joliet, Illinois.

INTER-COLLEGIATE NEWS.

THERE is much talk of a boat-race between Yale and Oxford. No definite arrangements have as yet been made.

DARTMOUTH has raised $600, and expects to raise $400 more, for the support of its foot-ball team this fall. The first game of the season will be played with the Harvards at Cambridge.

SINCE Princeton holds the pennant as the result of last year's foot-ball contest, there is no lack of interest and enthusiasm there this year, on the subject.

THE Yale foot-ball team was called together by the captain to begin practice, a week before the University opened. The Harvard team has been practicing all summer.

PRES. Carter, of Williams College, is a practical prohibitionist. Recently the town of Williamstown authorized the granting of two liquor licenses. But no saloons were opened, and it was found that the President of Williams had quietly bought the two licenses.

THE class of '92, of Bates College, Lewiston, Me., which, on account of performing the forbidden ceremonies of the "Burial of Analytics," was suspended in a body shortly before the examinations last June, has again been received into the College, after making suitable apologies. The young ladies of the class, it will be remembered, went into voluntary suspension and refused to return until there was a general pardon.

DR. W. R. Harper, of Yale, has been elected President of the new University of Chicago. If he accepts the position it will be a great loss to New England. He has carried enthusiasm into the study of Hebrew and Semitic literature to a degree which has never been surpassed by any other American. He has lifted the study of the Bible into popularity at Yale and his influence is undoubtedly behind the proposed adoption of Hebrew studies in the university courses at Harvard.

A PLEDGE of $1,000,000 to the new University of Chicago was received, Sept. 18, by the trustees, in a letter from J. D. Rockefeller, who has already given the University $600,000. Mr. Rockefeller stipulates that $800,000 of the amount shall be used for non-professional graduate instruction and fellowships, $100,000 for theological instruction in the Divinity School, and $100,000 for the construction of the divinity building. The new University will begin its career with endowments amounting to $1 800,000, and property worth probably $5,000,000, including endowments.

OUR EXCHANGES.

She sent a message tender
To one who loved her true,
But, being shy and youthful,
Her words were short and few.
So, "Meet me in the gloaming, dear,"
Was all she wrote, But oh!
He couldn't keep the appointment,
For where it was, he *didn't* know.

Oberlin Review.

I.

Sunny day, humming bees,
Charming maiden 'neath the trees.
Idly waiting for her lover,
Pleasant fancies round her hover.

II.

Building castles, moments pass,
Hears a footstep on the grass;
Eyelids close, enchanted surely,
Waits her lover's touch demurely.

III.

Heavier now the footsteps grow;
Maiden breathes so soft and low
That her lover urges, presses,
Showers on her head caresses.

IV.

As she feels the pressure, sweet
Maiden rises to her feet,
And with face suffused in blushes,
To her lover's arms she rushes.

V.

Draws back wrathful, sees her sister,
Naughty child, 't was she who kissed her.
No more fancies round her hover
While she's waiting for her lover.

Columbia Spectator.

UNREST.

The moon-beams quiver on the white crest;
The waves, in wild unrest,
With baffled hands smite on the unyielding shore.

The trees a-tremble with a half drawn sigh,
Lift long arms to the sky,—
Cold, unmoved, the calm sky arches o'er.

My eyelids droop with weight of heavy tears;
My heart all these long years
Cries for a peace that can be mine no more.

Kent Dunlap, '90

WABAN RIPPLES.

WOOD'S GENIUSES.

ONE of the Wood Cottage girls a few days since posted this notice on her door

"Within is Chaos.
The inmate has fled.
Do not enter."

only to return to find *this* addition placarded beneath it—

"within this room
to go i hate-ter
But i Hab to fix
the ray diater."

THE baby was very sick or she never would have lost her head, but when asked to see if the water were boiling she replied that she really couldn't tell without a *barometer*.

ANXIOUS FRESHMAN: Can you tell me, please, where the Gospel Bulletin Board is?

WAGNER ENTHUSIAST TO WAGNER UNENTHUSIAST: "This is really a great deal better than it sounds."

EXASPERATED MAIDEN: Oh! this wicked lamp! it *won't* burn brightly.

SARCASTIC ROOM-MATE: It wouldn't burn at all if it were not wicked.

ROMEYN, a Montclair, N. Y., boy aged five, converses with his friend of equally mature years, as follows:

ROMEYN: My pa is going to get me a goat.

FAIRCHILD: I've got twenty goats.

R.: Where are they?

F.: Oh! they're down in New York in pa's office,

R.: Why don't you bring them here?

F.: They're sick.

A pause. Finally Romeyn speaks: I saw Anthony's Nose last summer.

F.: I saw Anthony himself.

R.: Anthony's Nose is a rock, and it broke off and fell into the water.

F.: I saw it fall.

Romeyn's mother, an interested listener, at this point deemed it expedient to interpose with a moral lesson: Why, Fairchild, said she, did you never hear of Ananias and Sapphira?

F.: I knew them both.

R'S MOTHER: You know, Fairchiid, they were struck dead for telling lies.

F.: Yes. I saw them struck.

R'S MOTHER: Fairchild, do you know where went? (Very impressively) They went to hell!

F.: I know it. I saw them go.

The Musical Visitor.

NEW BOOKS IN THE COLLEGE LIBRARY.

Balfour, Defence of philosopic doubt.
Weber, Histoire de la philosophic européene.
Wundt, Grundzüge der physiologischeu physchologie.
Günther and Windelband, Geschichte der naturwissenschaft and philosophie.
Wallace, Epicureanism.
Capes, Stoicism.
Liliencron, Uber den inhalt der bildung in der zeit der scholastik.
Windelband, Die Geschichte der neueren philosophie.
Mill, Autobiography.
Spencer, Essays; scientific, political and speculative.
Carriere, Die philosophische weltanschanung der Reformationzeit.
Pater, The Renaissance.
Heyden, Die Tracht der kulturvölker Europas.
Brunn, Geschichte der griechischen Künstler.
Durm, Die Baustile.
Michœlis, Der Parthenon.
Boutiny, Philosophie de l'architecture en Grece.
Fergusson, Parthenon.
Henning, Das deutsche hans.
Eaton, Handbook of Greek and Roman Sculpture.
Friederichs, Die gypsabgüsse autiker bildwerke.
Overbeck. Griechische kunstmythologie.
Seemann, Mythologie der Grieschen und Römer.
Bryan, Dictionary of painters and engravers.
Conway, Literary remains of Dürer.
Rockstro, History of music.
Hueffer, Half a Century of music in England.
Naumann, History of music.
Hauptmann, Nature of harmony.
Banister, Lectures in musical analysis.
Bach, Musical education.
Hart, The violin; its makers.
Hart, The violin and its music.
Humboldt, Views of nature.
Low, Text-book on solid geometry.
Frost, Solid geometry.
Frost, Hints for the solution of problems in 3d. ed. solid geometry.
Newcomb, Astronomy (Am. sci. ser.)
Young, Elements of astronomy.
Young, Text-book of general astronomy.
Forbes, Fransit of Venus.
Hopkins, Experimental science; physics.
Whiting, Syllabus of physical measurements.
Thomson, Applications of dynamics to physics and chemistry.
Fleming, Alternate current transformer.
Murdock. Notes on electricity and magnetism.
Gray, Absolute measurements in electricity and magnetism.
Thorpe, Dictionary of applied chemistry.
Picton, Story of chemistry.
Herxley, Course of elementary instruction in biology.
Stendel, Nomenclator botanicus.
Botanische institut yu Tübingen, Untersuchungen.
Strasburger, Neue untersuchungen über den befruchtungsvorgang bei den phanerogamen.
Sachs, Lectures on the physiology of plants.
Mœller, Mikroskopie der nahrungs-u. genusmittel.
Göbel, Ontlines of classification and morphology.
Bentley, Medicinal plants.
Tschirch, Angewandte pflanzenanatomie.
Unger, Uber krystallbildungen in der pflanzenzellen.
Weisner, Die rohstoffe des pflanzeureiches.
Buchtien, Eutwicklungsgeschichte des prothallium v. equisetum.
Plowright, Monograph of Br. uredineæ and ustilagineæ.
Marshall, Junior course of zoology.
Ecker, Anatomy of the frog.
Marshall, The frog.
Mivart, Lessons in elementary anatomy.
Baker, Hand-book of physiology.
Laudois, Text-book of physiology.
Yeo, Manuel of physiology.
Young, Wood-working tools.
Niecks, F. Chopin.
Rockstro, Life of Handel.
Berloiz, Autobiography.

The Churchill (Improved) Boot,

MANUFACTURED AND SOLD ONLY BY

F. S. CHURCHILL,

Formerly 25 Winter Street, now at

129 TREMONT ST., Corner WINTER,

Next Door to W. D. WHITNEY & CO.,

BOSTON.

THIS Boot is made in Button or Lace on correct principles, from a study of the anatomy of the foot, and is unsurpassed for comfort and durability. It fits the most difficult foot, prevents or cures tender joints or corns by removing pressure, and is comfortable the first time worn. Ladies who have difficulty in procuring comfortable boots or shoes, are invited to call and leave measure.

1-18 **SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.**

MISS V. A. MILLS,

CORSETS AND LADIES' UNDERWEAR

MADE TO ORDER.

12 WEST STREET, Rooms 9 & 10.

Over Bigelow & Kennard.

2-36 BOSTON, - - MASS.

WOMEN'S MEDICAL COLLEGE

OF THE NEW YORK INFIRMARY.

128 2nd Avenue New York.

Session 90-91 will open October 1, 1890. Three years' Graded Course. Instruction by Lectures, Clinics, Recitations, and practical work under supervision in Laboratories and Dispensary of College, and in N. Y. Infirmary.

Clinics and operations in most of the City Hospitals and Dispensaries open to women students.

For catalogues, etc., address

EMILY BLACKWELL, M. D., *Dean*,

35-36t **128 2nd Avenue New York.**

Only the Announcements of Firms

KNOWN TO BE RELIABLE

Are admitted in these Columns by the Publishers.

Students should always

BEAR THIS IN MIND.

Young ladies will find it to their advantage to call at

A. V. Doyles Millenery Parlors,

165 Tremont St., Hasting Bld'g,
Rooms 16 and 17,

For the latest Parisian Millenery. Particular attention given to out of town orders. 3-36

N. C. WHITAKER & CO.,

Manufacturers and Inporters of

Fine Shell and Horn Goods,

363 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON.

Special attention given to making goods to order for custumers, including Lognettes, Combs, Hairpins, Fancy Hair Ornaments and every variety of Tortoise Shell Work. 3—6w

---

To Patrons and those who would become Patrons of

MISS A. L. PIERCE, Millener,

13 MUSIC HALL, BOSTON.

Special attention paid to order work. Prices reasonable and satisfaction guaranteed. 3-12

S. C. THOMPSON,

DEALER IN

Lascomb and Artist Banjos,

WASHBURN GUITARS, MANDOLINS,
Zithers, Autoharps, Violins, etc.

GENERAL LINE OF MUSICAL MERCHANDISE.

Best selected Banjo Strings (by mail), 50 cts. per set.
Violin and Guitar Strings, 75 cts. per set.

578 WASHINGTON ST.,
BOSTON. 3 36

SHREVE, CRUMP & LOW CO.

432 Washington St. Boston

DIAMONDS, WATCHES, JEWELRY,

SILVERWARE.

Agents for the celebrated Gorham Plated Ware

Choicest stock of Bric a Brac, Umbrellas Parasols, Etc

THE LATEST IDEAS IN FINE STATIONERY.

Autographs, Crests, Cyphers and Addresses Engraved and Stamped. Calling Cards and Invitations of the Correct Style. 3-25

EXERCISE AND HEALTH !

You are cordially invited to visit the Office of the

ELECTRIC EXERCISING MACHINE COMPANY,

13 SCHOOL ST., Room 43, BOSTON,

And inspect their new and novel

ELECTRIC CHEST WEIGHTS,

or send your address and we will send a machine to you for your inspection. Can be used with or without electricity, are an ornament to any room, and are endorsed by our most prominent physicians for diseases caused by poor circulation of the blood.

ITS CLAIMS AND MERITS.

It will cure rheumatism, neuralgia, headache, paralysis, gout, or any disease caused by improper circulation of the blood.

It is the only scientific combination of electricity with physical exercise.

It is the only electrical machine that can be used for general and family use without danger of hurtful currents.

It has no battery, and lasts a life-time.

It imitates Nature.

It cannot get out of repair and is always ready.

Its first cost is its only cost, price within the means of all.

No chemicals used. Its electricity is permanent, and you avoid all poisonous chemicals that are dangerous to handle.

Latest discovery and best method of remedial art known.

Price $10 net, with foot and sponge electrodes.

We make these machines in Polished Antique Oak, Light Oak, Cherry and Ash, with nickel plated parts. Size 13 inches by 8 inches. 28-12